THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly planned
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand;
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquished's banners never are unfurled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing.
Here's luck to those who lose."
—George H. Broadhurst, in Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

When the colonel reached his office, he found a lady waiting for him in the anteroom. It was Miss Delmar. She wore a thick veil, which she threw back when he came in.

"Good afternoon, Col. Warrenton," she said. "I was too impatient to wait for you to come to see me, knowing how busy you are, and I did want some news of Mr. Whidby."

"I understand, and he will be glad I saw you." The colonel stepped back, took a look into his office, and then softly closed the door. "Poor boy," he went on, as he sat down near her, "he has had enough to bear, without this unreasonable opposition of your father. He certainly needs all the friends he can get now."

Miss Delmar's lips quivered, and she twisted her hands together in her lap as she spoke:

"Papa is even more severe than ever since he learned that I have been to see Mr. Whidby. I can't imagine how that could have got into the papers. Papa says I am watched, and that everything I do is noted."

"He is still confident that Whidby is the murderer?"

"Yes, and he thinks he knows a motive that no one else does."

"What can that be?"

"Just a week before Mr. Strong's death, papa had called on Mr. Whidby and forbidden him to pay his addresses to me. I am sorry to say papa is worldly-minded. He had heard the report of Mr. Strong's intended marriage, and thought, in that case, that Mr. Whidby would not—"

"Not be Strong's sole heir?"

"Would not be his heir at all. Papa thought Mr. Strong would change his will altogether. It is very heartless for him to think so, but he believes that Mr. Whidby committed the crime—through love for me—because his poverty was a barrier to our marriage."

"That is an ugly view of the matter, and it might have weight with a jury," replied the colonel. "Our only hope lies in finding the real murderer. The note dropped at the mayor's house the other night by the man who was seen about the grounds proves that he is in this city and at large."

"Papa says it is reported that some accomplice of Mr. Whidby's did that to mislead the police."

Col. Warrenton nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, and it would seem very plausible to them; but to us, who know the innocence of the one suspected, it proves other things, and we must profit by it. I could give this Detective Hendricks a point or two, but I'm afraid he would think me not disinterested in my friend's case."

Miss Delmar rose to go.

"I haven't a minute. I am afraid papa will miss me and be angry again. Tell Mr. Whidby that I am very hopeful—that I haven't a single doubt that it will all be cleared up soon. Tell him I would write every day, but I know that my last letter was intercepted. Tell him I shall see him as soon as possible, and—and—but you know what to say. Don't let him lose heart."

The colonel held her hand till they reached the door.

"Don't worry," he said, in parting. "I shall have some good news for you in a day or two, I am pretty sure."

CHAPTER VIII.

Capt. Welsh showed considerable excitement when he read the note of warning which the mayor placed in his hands. Mr. Minard Hendricks was looking over a bundle of New York papers which had been sent to him, and did not look up when the mayor entered the room.

Without a word, Capt. Welsh held the note before his eyes, and waited for him to speak. After reading it, Hendricks stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment, and then said:

"I don't think you need have any fear up at your place, Mr. Roundtree, but under such circumstances women are usually uneasy, so I should advise you, Capt. Welsh, to have a couple of policemen in citizen clothes hang about the grounds for a few days."

This was done for a week, but, as nothing occurred to indicate the presence of danger, the men were ordered away. Everything went on smoothly till the day following Col. Warrenton's visit to Whidby. Mayor Roundtree, accompanied by Fred Walters, had gone downtown, leaving his wife and Mrs. Walters alone with the servants. Mrs. Roundtree was in the sitting-room giving orders to the cook, and Mrs. Walters had strolled down the graveled walk among the rose-bushes.

The cook had just left her, when Mrs. Roundtree heard the report of a revolver outside. She sprang up and ran to a window. Not seeing her daughter on the veranda, she screamed, and almost fainted with fright. She staggered through the hall and reached the front door. Then, looking in the direction of the gate, she saw Mrs. Walters emerge from the rose-bushes and come slowly towards her.

"Don't be frightened, mamma," she cried, seeing her mother. "He did not touch me." In a moment Mrs. Roundtree was by her side, but so excited that she could not speak. "I really did have a narrow escape, though," continued Mrs. Walters. "You see now what I missed by not carrying the revolver. I think I could have hit him before he got away."

"Oh, what was it? What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Roundtree, throwing her arms about her daughter.

Mrs. Walters twisted herself from the embrace and pointed to a round hole in the sleeve of her wrapper. "See that?" she said, with a cold, calm smile. "I've been shot at. As I was gathering these roses" (she still held them in her hand) "I heard a report and felt something touch my sleeve lightly. At the corner of the lawn, just this side of the trees, I saw a man and a puff of smoke. He was about to shoot again, but, seeing me looking, he ran into the woods. I suppose he is out of reach by this time."

"Come into the house, quick!" cried Mrs. Roundtree, drawing her along forcibly. "He will shoot us!"

Mrs. Walters impatiently drew herself from her mother's arms.

"I shan't be a coward, if you are," she said, sharply. "Don't you know if you run from people of that kind they will be all the more apt to pursue you? Besides, he is gone. Do you suppose he would wait to be arrested after firing a revolver here in open daylight?"

They had reached the steps of the veranda, and Mrs. Roundtree drew her into the house. James and Jane were standing, wide-eyed and frightened, in the hall.

"Close the door, quick, James!" Mrs. Roundtree screamed, following her daughter into the library.

"Leave it open. Do you want to smother us?" asked Mrs. Walters, pettingly. "Mother, I am ashamed of you. There is not a particle of danger, and I am no baby."

"James, telephone to my husband and Mr. Walters, quick," Mrs. Roundtree ordered.

James went to the telephone and rang. Mrs. Walters followed him. "What do you want him to say?" she asked her mother. "He'll frighten them to death. I'd better do it—James, what is the matter with you? Can't you stand still? Nobody will hurt you."

She took the receiver from him and placed it to her ear. "Give me five sixty-seven. What? Yes, five sixty-seven — Mayor Roundtree's office." There was silence for a moment. Mrs. Roundtree sat on a sofa, staring at her, a strange question in her eyes.

"Is that you, papa?" said Mrs. Walters in the telephone. "Yes, you are right; it is Lilian. Don't you know my voice? What is it? Well, the truth is, there isn't a thing the matter; we are all right; but mamma is nervous and frightened, and perhaps you or Fred ought to come up."

Mrs. Roundtree ran to her. "Aren't you going to tell him what has happened? How can he tell the police if you don't? Give it to me."

"Mamma, do be reasonable," replied Mrs. Walters, holding the receiver out of her mother's reach. "Well, let me alone; I'll tell him. Yes, papa, that was mamma talking. I was on the lawn just now, and a man shot at me; but he did not touch me, and ran away. Mamma thinks you ought to notify the police."

"Fred is coming at once," the mayor telephoned. "Stay indoors. I shall notify the police, and come as quickly as I can."

When Mrs. Roundtree had heard her husband's message she drew her daughter down on the sofa beside her and sat silently stroking her hand and looking anxiously towards the door. James took a position on the veranda, and the other servants stood expectantly in the hall.

In 15 minutes a cab dashed up the drive, and Fred Walters alighted, ran into the library, and took his wife in his arms.

"Oh, my darling, are you hurt?" he asked, beside himself with excitement.

"Fred, don't be silly," she said, coldly pushing him from her. "I telephoned that I was unharmed."

"Look at her sleeve," wailed Mrs. Roundtree, almost in tears. "The bullet passed within an inch of her arm. Oh, I don't know what to do! It is awful!"

Fred stooped to examine the hole in the sleeve.

"I was standing this way," Mrs. Walters explained, with sudden animation, "and when I heard the report—"

"Your father is coming," interrupted Mrs. Roundtree, as the sound of wheels was heard, and they all went to a window. It was the mayor, with Capt. Welsh and Minard Hendricks, in a cab.

"I wonder if that detective hasn't a high opinion of his ability," said Mrs. Walters. "He looks as if he thought he would get to the bottom of the whole mystery in a very short time." She sat down in a rocking-chair, spread out her skirts, and pulled at the big sleeves of her wrapper. "I suppose he will begin to catechise me. I am not presentable like this, but if—if I ran upstairs, to fix up a little, you would think—I suppose you think I am an odd creature anyway."

No one answered her. The mayor was entering, followed by the others. He bent down and kissed his daughter, and then said: "My dear, this is Mr. Hendricks. There is not a second to lose. He wants to ask you some questions."

Mrs. Walters bowed and smiled. "I am ready, Mr. Hendricks. I think you'll find me calmer than any of the rest."

"It is usually the case," Hendricks replied, with a smile. Then his smile vanished, and he bent his piercing gray eyes upon her so steadily that her own wavered a little, and she dropped her hand to arrange her skirt. "You were on the lawn?" he said, glancing out at a window, as if to relieve her embarrassment.

Mrs. Walters instantly recovered her self-possession and looked him coldly in the eyes.

"Yes, on the right of the walk, among the rose bushes. I was gathering roses. The bullet passed through my sleeve. See! it was near enough, wasn't it?"

"Quite, I should think. It must have surprised you."

"It did, of course," answered Mrs. Walters, holding her roses to her nose. "I heard the report, and then felt something like a little, a very little, tug at my sleeve."

"You are sure about that?" asked Hendricks, in an indifferent tone. "You are sure that you heard the report before you felt the ball touch your sleeve?"

"Quite sure," said she; "but why—?"

"He was not inside the fence?" went on the detective, looking through the window again.

"No; outside the fence, at the corner of the lot."

"Ah, yes, I see," he replied, in a noncommittal tone. "He must have been 100 yards from you. Permit me, please." And, taking a silver-mounted lens from his pocket, he carefully examined the bullet-hole. For a moment no one spoke; then he said: "I wonder if we could find that little piece of lead. Would you mind coming with us and showing me exactly where you stood?"

"Not at all." Mrs. Walters rose with a gratified smile.

"Don't you think we are losing time, Mr. Hendricks?" asked Capt. Welsh, in an undertone. "I am afraid—" But Hendricks pinched the captain's arm warningly, and the remark was not finished.

They had reached the lawn, when Hendricks stopped Mrs. Walters and examined her sleeve again.

"Not satisfied yet?" she laughed.

"I can see better here in the sunlight," he answered. "I have made a study of the effect of bullets, fired at different distances, on various stuffs."

"I have often thought your profession must be a fascinating one," Mrs. Walters remarked, as they started down the walk.

"It is getting to be rather uninteresting employment. It is so easy to catch up with people unskilled in our craft. If would-be criminals only knew that we understood half we do, they would not commit crime so often."

"I had not thought of that," said Mrs. Walters, curiously studying his

"Is that you, papa?"

features. "But here is the spot. Now, don't let anyone come here but Mr. Hendricks," she added to the others; "you ought not to track it up till he sees my footprints. There they are, Mr. Hendricks: don't you see where my sharp heels went in? You can see that I was facing that way. The man stood over at the corner of the fence."

"I see," said Hendricks. "What did he look like? How was he dressed?"

"I am afraid I can't describe him accurately. He seemed of medium height, had on gray clothes, and wore a long dark beard."

"The smoke may have given you the impression that his clothes were gray," said Hendricks. "May I take your place a moment?"

She stepped back, smiling at the others, who stood on the walk, and he changed places with her. He stuck his umbrella in one of her tracks and left it there. "Only to mark the spot," he said, indifferently. "Now let's all go over to the fence, and see if the rascal left any footprints there."

They all walked to the corner of the fence, and looked over towards the trees near by. "I think—" Mrs. Walters caught the sudden, sharp glance of Hendricks, and paused. "I started to say that it looks as if there were footprints over there," she said, pointing to a spot where the yellow clay showed in the short grass; "but I may be mistaken."

Hendricks moved into her place, lowered his height to hers, and gazed at the spot for a moment, then he looked at her sharply. "Your eyes are better than mine, Mrs. Walters. I can't make out anything."

"You have the keenest eyesight in America," said Capt. Welsh, with a smile. "We have all heard about your experience with the Brooklyn bloodspecks—"

"Now I think I see what Mrs. Walters means," Hendricks broke in, with a slight frown. "It is easy to see what we know exists. He put his hands on the rail of the fence, and, with the grace and ease of an acrobat, sprang over the sharp-pointed palings. The others passed through a gate near by, and came round to him as he was on his hands and knees, examining two deeply marked tracks in the yellow clay.

"Wore a number ten," he said. "Had any rain out here in the last two days?" He was looking up at Fred Walters.

"I think not—none for a week," replied Walters, looking inquiringly round the group.

Hendricks said nothing, but, motioning them to stand out of the way, he stood behind the footmarks and, with half-closed eyes, steadily sighted at the umbrella he had stuck in the earth, slowly moving from side to side and up and down.

"That's all we can do here," he said, finally. "I shall run over in the yard and see if I can see anything of the bullet." Again he vaulted over the fence, walked hurriedly across the grass, passed his umbrella, and began to examine the plastered wall of the conservatory beyond. He did not turn his head or make any remark as the others approached.

"Did you expect to find it there?" asked Mrs. Walters, with a smile.

"Hardly," he replied. "I only wanted to confirm my belief that it was not there."

"Ah!" she said, and her eyes fell before his sharp glance.

"If you are through, we will go in out of the sun," said the mayor, a trace of impatience in his tone. "You may use my telephone if you want to communicate with your men."

"I want to nose around a little out here," said Hendricks, lightly. "Where does your gardener keep his tools?"

Mr. Roundtree called Robert, the gardener, who stood on the veranda with the other servants, and he came to him.

"Where do you keep your tools?" asked Hendricks—"your hoes, rakes, knives and such things?"

"In the little room in the conservatory, sir," Robert replied.

"Oh, in here." Hendricks entered the conservatory and tried the door of the little room near the entrance.

"It is locked, sir," said Robert, producing a bunch of keys.

"It was not last night," said Hendricks, as he thrust the key into the lock.

"No, sir, I forgot it last night." And Robert looked at the detective superstitiously.

"No harm done," replied Hendricks. He opened the door and glanced at a heap of gardening implements on the floor.

"You ought to hang up your watering pot," he remarked to the servant. "It will rust the bottom to set it down damp."

"I usually do, sir," the man stammered. "I thought I did the last time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROMOTED FOR BATHING.

A Young French Soldier's Piece of Good Fortune.

An incident related by the late Marshal Canrobert, a French general, of his own experiences in the Crimean war, sheds a curious light on the French character; it shows how much the French like a picturesque incident—and also, perhaps, how heroic an episode might appear to them which was at least not far from the ordinary to a northern people.

In the Crimea, during the winter, Gen. Canrobert was in the habit of going out among the men of his command, incognito, to see what they were about, and to learn their wants and encourage the soldiers if they needed encouragement. One morning, on one of these tours, he came upon a young conscript who had stripped himself to the waist, and was bathing his body with handfuls of snow.

"That's an odd sort of soap you are using," exclaimed the general.

"Oh, it's good enough," said the soldier. "You see I'm young, and, more than that, I'm a Lorrainer, from Nancy, and a fellow provincial of Gen. Druot, who shaved himself with snow on the march from Moscow, you know, with the mercury 30 degrees below freezing. The old fellows in my company, you see, bother me and make fun of me because I haven't any beard, and, since I can't shave out of doors, like Druot, I have to do this to show those old fellows that I'm no more afraid of cold than I am of the enemy!"

"Well," said Canrobert, "what if I should give you another way of getting even with those old fellows?"

"Why, I shouldn't mind," answered the young soldier.

"I'll make you a corporal," said the general.

The soldier laughed. "I guess that won't go," said he. "You'd find my colonel wouldn't have it."

"I'm higher than your colonel; I am Gen. Canrobert."

The soldier was in transports—especially as the same day he was made a corporal in the presence of the regiment.

The story is authentic, and it is a good illustration of the ways which served to make Canrobert the most popular general in the French army; but it is unsatisfactory in the respect that it does not tell whether the young corporal went on taking baths in the snow—in the hope of being made a sergeant.—Youth's Companion.

A Close Guess.

A Wilkinsburg family was discussing music when one member strove to recall the name of a certain composer.

"I can't remember it to save my life," she said, "although it is on my tongue's end. As near as I can come to it his name is doorknob."

"Doorknob!" repeated one of the others. "There is no composer whose name sounds anything like that. I'll go over a few names: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Haydn, Handel—"

"That's it," interrupted the forgetful one, "it's Handel. I knew it was something you seized with your hands."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not to Be Matched.

The story was current in the early part of the queen's reign that her majesty once asked the duke of Wellington what kind of boots he was in the habit of wearing. "People call them Wellington's, madam." "How absurd!" she cried. "Where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellington's?"—N. Y. Post.

VIRGINIA FOX HUNTERS.

The Kind of Horses They Breed and the Clubs That Exhibit.

The fox hunters of Loudoun, Fauquier, Prince William, Fairfax, Culpepper and Rappahannock counties, which comprise in great part what is known as Piedmont Virginia, are looking forward to a season of fine sport, as there are many well-bred horses in that field this fall fit for the chase, and foxes are reported to be plentiful. The farmers are happy over abundant and lucrative crops, and are now preparing for a royal holiday, with their horses and dogs.

For the last five or six years considerable attention has been paid by the Virginians to the development of the hunting horse in that part of the state, and the results which have been achieved show that the breeding of that class of stock has been conducted on an intelligent and extensive scale. Their hunters and jumpers, which are the get of thoroughbred sires crossed on general utility mares, are classed as half and three-quarters bred. By experimenting on these lines it has been discovered that such standards are the most desirable for steeplechasing and the hunting field.

It is imperative that "good bone" shall figure in the anatomy of cross-country stock, and for this reason it is believed to be a mistake to cultivate its lineage up to that of the thoroughbred. The Virginians are not only painstaking and intelligent breeders, but they have studied the art of training, or "schooling" as it is termed in hunting circles, and added to this is a remarkable knack for riding, which is common among them. The consequence is they have established a profitable industry, and find ready markets, not only in Washington and Baltimore, but in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and have even supplied horses to the officers of the English garrison stationed at Jamaica.

The Upperville Colt club, the Warrenton Hunt, the Prince William Horsemen's association at Manassas, the Hamilton horse show and the Culpeper Horse and Colt club are the chief organizations which are promoting the horse interest in that region, and the races and shows which they held last summer demonstrated a notable improvement, not only in the saddler, but the driver as well.

One of the most successful stock farms in the state devoted to the breeding of trotters is "Millburn," in Fauquier county, which is under the management of Messrs. Marshall and Thompson, of Warrenton. The head of their stud is Gov. Stanford, with a record of 2:21. He took first prize at Philadelphia in 1893, and was the winner of the Breeders' stake at Detroit as a four-year-old, his sire being the great Electioneer, with 150 in the 2:30 class.

Reynard is conceded to be one of the shrewdest productions of nature wherever he may abide; especially so is the red-haired member of his family, who dwells among the wooded recesses and rocky fastnesses of the spurs of the Blue Ridge. Old hunters in that section say that it is a singular fact that the gray fox almost invariably makes his home in the lowlands, whereas the red fox, which is much the gamer, has his den among the hills.

This red fox of the Piedmont country is a genius at stratagem. He can swim like a duck, run like a race horse for a mile, climb a tree or crawl into a squirrel hole, though he generally disdains such base subterfuges if he has anything like a fair start of the dogs. He also has a wonderful knowledge of scent, and his mind is a map of the country. He delights in checkmating his pursuers when they are most sanguine of their game.

He has been known to give hunters a straight run of ten miles, and frequently makes a grand "circumbendibus" of twice that distance, when he displays his remarkable powers of speed, endurance and deception. Craftiness is the code of this theiving vagabond of the woods, who leads such a gay and gypsy-like existence, but whose death is invariably a tragedy.—Baltimore Sun.

Frog a Century Old.

A strange story of a frog is told us by one who is acquainted with the facts. On the old Ritchie place, which abounds with relics of early days, is an old log springhouse, built at the beginning of the century by John Ritchie, the inventor of the sour mash process of making whisky. A never-failing stream of ice-cold water flows into this old house, forming a pool several feet deep. Here, since John Ritchie left Lynns Fort and built himself an independent dwelling, it is alleged a giant bullfrog has had its home. As the frog family is endowed with great longevity, it is said by those who ought to know that it is reasonable to believe that the frog is the same one which took up its residence in the Ritchie springhouse in pioneer times. What lends color to this theory is the fact that there has never been but one frog seen in the neighborhood of the old spring, and Mr. Stephen Ritchie, now a man well advanced in years, states that this same frog, or one very similar to it, had its home in the spring when he was a child and that he has often heard his grandmother term the frog her rain sign. The frog is said to be of vast proportions, with a thunderous voice that can be heard a great distance. It is very attractive, and shows no evidence of its century or more of years.—Bardstown (Ky.) Record.

Exact.

"I understand," said the merchant, "that the streams are running dry out your way."

"They are gittin' dry," said the farmer, with a joyous haw-haw, "but they ain't runnin'. I guess the cigars is on you."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Couldn't Utilize It.

"Faith moves mountains," quote the Harlem lady, cheerily.

"Yes," assented her husband, with a sigh; "but I never heard of it moving furniture."—Puck.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet and journalist, married a Japanese woman in London recently.

—It is announced that Mme. Colette Dumas, the daughter of the late Alexander Dumas, is about to marry Dr. Metza.

—Munkacsy, the painter, is in a private asylum at Bonn. His brain power appears to be absolutely gone and the doctors declare him incurable. His general health remains good and he sleeps well.

—Count Tolstoi says the British and the Zulus are the two most brutal races on earth. In a recent interview, which is recorded in a Russian paper, he has again stated his strong objection to Wagner, whom he looks upon as a decadent.

—Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the famous American dentist of Paris, whose fortune is estimated at $35,000,000, intends to spend a great part of it in founding and maintaining educational institutions in different cities of the United States, it is said.

—George R. Sims, the well-known English dramatist and critic, has formed a company to manufacture and sell a hair restorer, the efficacy of which he has tested by personal use. A double-column advertisement of the business in the Daily Telegraph prints his name eight times in huge letters as the vendor of the nostrum.

—Gen. Cassius M. Clay, whose marriage at the age of 85 to a blooming young bride was recorded some time ago, is renewing his youth by having a cataract removed from his eyes. Gen. Clay negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia, and now says that he knew that there was gold there, which the Russians were too indolent to extract.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, is one of the most eccentric individuals in England. He is a perfect master of Greek and French, but it is his delight to pretend to be entirely illiterate, and, though he left Oxford with a great reputation, he never took his degree. Mr. Swinburne lives near London, but he is rarely seen in society. One of the most pleasing traits in his character is his devotion to children.

—Queen Victoria's chief bodily ill now is the pain in the finger whereon she wears the wedding and engagement rings given her by Prince Albert. Her hand has grown too fat for her rings, and she will not have them cut. They cannot now be removed in any other way, and one correspondent said that it is now a question whether her majesty will forego her pretty sentiment or continue to suffer acute physical pain.

THE GREAT DANE.

Interesting Points About a Splendid Canine.

The Great Dane, the exhibition dog of to-day, and growing every day in favor as a beautiful and "biddable" dog, is the modern representative of the boarhound. On the continent, where its Danish origin is repudiated, it is called the German mastiff, and under this head all its varieties are classed at shows; while in this country we call it the Great Dane, and catalogue under that name all the varieties of German mastiff, so that, taking the one with the other, the dog comes by its rights.

It is a beautiful creature, this Great Dane, and gives the impression at once of both power and activity, and its temper—look at its small, keen eyes—is exactly what one might expect from a dog of war and of the chase, veneered with the elegancies of civilization, for it is equable and (de haut en bas) good-tempered, but woe to the object that irritates it. The conciliatory stranger who goes to pat one as if it were a lap-dog finds a great blunt nozzle thrust forcibly and roughly into his hand, or perhaps into his ribs, as who should say: "All right, old fellow, I'm not going to hurt you; you needn't pat me and call me good dog." He never awaits your permission to make your acquaintance, but introduces himself without formality if he wishes to know you. Going through a narrow passage, a Great Dane will take up more than half the room. He does not drop behind like the elegant-mannered St. Bernard with a polite "man before dogs" sort of air, but hustles you robustly for equal space. Not that he is a dangerous dog. He is simply a boarhound, a creature of immense strength and infinite courage, and courteous only out of condescension.—Good Words.

The Great Bustard.

The great bustard (Otis tarda), a bird still found in the southern provinces of Russia, is the heaviest European fowl. In size it exceeds the Norwegian blackcock. The old males attain a weight of 35 pounds, and where food is plentiful specimens weighing 38 pounds, and even 40 pounds, have been captured. These birds have disappeared from western Europe, where once they were almost as numerous as partridges, and are seen only in small flocks in the sandhills skirting the lower valley of the Dneiper and here and there along the north coast of the Caspian. The hen lays eggs as big as ordinary pears. A larger and heavier bird—the cassowary—is incapable of flight, but it can kick with the strength of a mule and uses the sharp, tiny quills of its wings as a cock uses his spurs.—N. Y. Sun.

Accounted For.

"Wuff, wuff, wuff!"

This low murmuring sound broke the stillness of the noontime.

"Wuff, wuff, wuff!"

Again this sound met the keen ears of the stranger. He beckoned the darkey in the garden.

"Uncle," he said, "what is that strange noise I hear? — there it goes again. Have you got a dog in there?"

"Dawg? The old man leaned back and roared with laughter. "Why, dat's my dahter eatin' corn frum de cob!"—N. Y. Journal.